

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THESE FIGHT PHOTOS TELL STORY GRANITE JOWL— BUT GOT GOOFY

TURF'S 'CHANGE FIXES ODDS

(From R. A. Kemp)

THE atmosphere of the famous Victoria Club is vaguely old-fashioned. Leather settees and mahogany-framed mirrors strike no note of luxury or wealth, yet half a million pounds a day may change hands within the portals of this shabby building off the Strand, headquarters of the biggest betting men in Britain. Here are fixed the commencing odds of all the greatest races.

Everyone has heard of a "call-over at the Victoria Club," but how many people realise that the Club is veritably the Stock Exchange of the Turf? Its members, numbering only 500, pay six guineas a year each and a £10 entrance fee.

At their call-overs they decide which horses shall be favourites and which shall be outsiders. How is it done? The famous call-overs are held in the billiard-room, when the greatest bookmakers in England cluster like schoolboys at the green baize tables. Chairman George Yates taps energetically with a hammer for silence and looks round expectantly from his dais.

"Who'll make me an offer for Comana?"

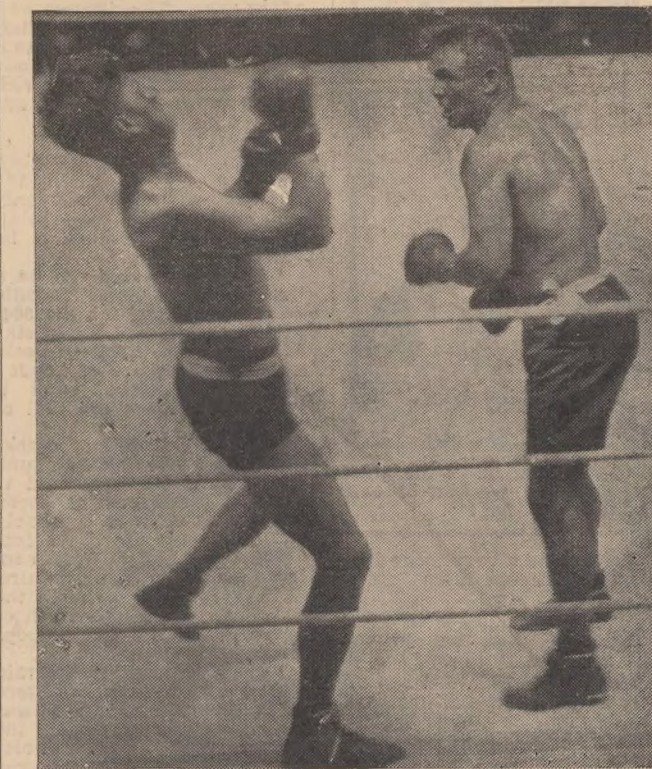
"Nine thousand to two thousand," raps a man in the corner of the room.

"Taken!" says another.

Swiftly the chairman confirms the wager by repetition—and the clerk below him records the details. Betting owners themselves influence the odds on their horses by instructing their agents to attend the club call-over and place their bet at the most advantageous odds.

A wager of £10,000 will not cause the clerk to turn a hair.

As each successive bet is made, the odds decrease till perhaps an original 20 to 1 chance has become a favourite at 3 to 1. It's like an auction of racing odds, with prices



Down . . . Down . . . Down!
Boxing's most Spectacular Out-for-Count
action Photo

leaping up by thousands and tens of thousands.

"I'll lay twelve monkeys to one," shouts a member. A "monkey" is a unit of £500, and the smallest sum ever mentioned is a "pony"—£25!

Notes made in small pocket-books, or curt nods, indicate that bets have been made. Often the chairman does not need to turn his head when an offer is made or accepted—he knows the voices and catches wagers miraculously through a hum of figures.

So secret are the proceedings that not even a newspaper reporter is permitted to attend. The presiding committee of sixteen decide when a call-over shall be held, and issue the instruction, "Members only!"

Technically, anybody of good financial standing is eligible for membership, but a prospective member must be personally known to two members of the club.

The committee of sixteen also control the pay-out of fortunes on Monday, the normal settling day. Twenty to forty settlers, as they are called, the agents of hundreds of bookmakers and big professional backers, gather at the tables and pay out or receive sums often amounting to £500,000.

There are occasions when a member cannot meet his obligations. Then the all-powerful committee is able to break the greatest backers and bookies—or save them.

The debit and credit lists of the defaulting member are compared. If the difference amounts to, say, £5,000, he is given time to settle up by a certain distant date.

Yet even bookmakers fall on hard times, and the Victoria Club runs a distress fund for indigent bookies. From time to time club sweepstakes are held, and ten per cent. of the sweepstake is turned over to the fund.

HEAVY-WEIGHT champions are the boxers who get the biggest prizes the ring has to offer, and yet very few of them have been anything like as proficient as the smaller men, whose earnings never reach a tenth of the bigger men's purse money.

The reason is that the great bulk of the sensation-seeking public prefers the thrill of a lumbering giant being sent toppling to the boards from a crack on the jaw to the skill of a lighter man, whose cleverness lies in avoiding the knock-out.

The public pays the piper and therefore calls the tune, and as boxing promoters are out to make money they provide the tunes that are in demand.

It is not now so marked as it was a few years ago, when any big ham could get a match for big money just because he happened to be a big fellow.

SUPERB GODDARD.

The craze for heavy-weights was at its height just before the last war, and after the Armistice it was renewed with even greater zest, as there was plenty of easy money going begging.

Here was the great chance for anyone who could look the part. He would be offered contracts on tempting terms and it was up to him to make the most of it. Just at the end of the war the most likely-looking of all our heavy-weights was an ex-Trooper of the Horse Guards, Frank Goddard.

If ever a man looked the part, Goddard did. He was a superb specimen of humanly at the time. Standing 6ft. 2ins. in his bare feet he was splendidly proportioned and weighed about 15st.

Goddard was as strong as a horse and he was dead game. I think it is only fair to him to emphasise this desirable attribute in a fighter—perhaps the most desirable of all, because there was an occasion when his gameness had been in question. It was when he was a novice in 1914 that he was knocked out in one round by an American named Terry Kellar.

Goddard claimed that he had been fouled, as indeed he was, and it was due to this foul that he was knocked out.

EVIDENCE BY POST.

Not many of the onlookers had noticed the foul, and among these was that usually observant judge, "Peggy" Bettinson. As old man Bettinson was a very outspoken person he made no bones about questioning Goddard's gameness and

this boxer was righteously indignant.

Some considerable time afterwards he had to undergo an operation as the result of the foul blow in question. Sir Alfred Fripp performed the operation and was tickled to death when Goddard had a request to make after it was all over.

It was for the great surgeon to kindly pack the evidence in a parcel and send it to Mr.

★ **Laughing, with the crowd in photo below is W. H. Millier, who writes this** ★

★ **Peggy Bettinson with Goddard's compliments.** ★

Goddard's manner was forthright in everything he did. He had his failings, of course, but lack of courage was certainly not one of them. With his fine physique and great strength he ought to have gone much farther on the road to fame and fortune in the ring, as he was given every inducement.

Lord Lonsdale took a great interest in him and did what he could to help him on, but the principal difficulty was to get Goddard to take his work seriously enough.

An old friend of mine, Charlie Rose, devoted all his energies towards making this giant into a world-beater and his patience in this direction was deserving of greater reward. He knew that he had the right material, but eventually had to admit that it was too tough to be moulded into the desired shape.

There was no inferiority complex where Goddard was concerned, and perhaps it might have been better if there had been.

Apart from his size, the most noticeable feature about Goddard was his enormous jaw. Likely rivals used to look at this and observe to themselves "what a jaw to land on! Something you just can't miss."

Moreover, he used to advance on his opponent's chin first. He knew well enough that in the ordinary way this sort of thing should not be done.

No fighter should ever lead with his chin if he wishes to

remain a fighter, but Goddard did it with full knowledge, just to tantalise his opponents and to annoy anyone else who might take objection to it.

As you may guess, he used to take some awful cracks on that pugnacious jaw and the result was very largely to break the heart, if not the knuckles, of the man delivering the punches.

He was a heart-breaker for most of his opponents, as the vast majority of them failed to knock him out.

That ever-open jaw was a trap into which many a good man blundered. But, like the pitcher that went so often to the well, the crack came at last.

Just as Goddard appeared to be heading for world-championship status he was brought crashing from his pedestal. He had thrust out his jaw once too often, and he thrust it out to a heavy-weight who had the best left hook in the business.

This was Joe Beckett, who climbed on to the vacant pedestal by way of Goddard's chin.

Up to this time there were very few people who could be found to entertain the belief that Goddard could be knocked out. His jaw had been regarded as impervious to punishment, for nobody had succeeded in putting him down for the count—leaving out the Terry Kellar defeat, which had been accomplished by a foul blow.

JAW-BREAKER JOE.

It had been the big feature of his box-office appeal. People used to pay joyously to see the pile-driving punches land on that remarkable jaw with about as much effect as if a mosquito had brushed it in passing.

Goddard had met Beckett when both men were in the Services in 1917. They fought at the N.S.C., and Goddard won by a knock-out in the eighth round.

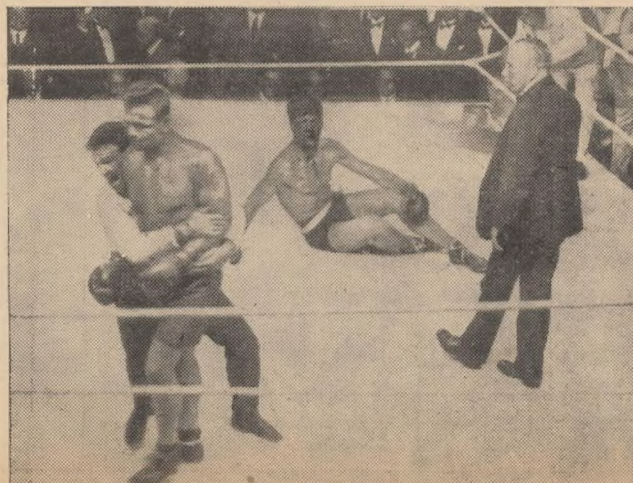
When, two years later, Beckett was again matched with his conqueror, Goddard laughed at the prospect of an easy journey.

He had a poor opinion of Beckett, and when he went away to train he went in a holiday mood. Arduous training was never very attractive to the big fellow, and this time he felt there was no great need for strenuous efforts.

In vain did his manager warn him of over-confidence. "Beckett is a dangerous fighter," he warned, but Goddard only laughed, and vowed that he would knock his man out in quicker time on this occasion.

He had his lesson. The granite jaw might have remained intact if he had put more effort into his training, but Beckett was at his best on this night, and a big crowd at Olympia saw the surprising spectacle of Goddard laid well and truly out in the second round of a fight that seemed to be a certainty for him to win.

You've had it! Beckett Leaves Ring Triumphant



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

All Around Our Home Town

BIG HOIST.

A REMARKABLE engineering feat was carried out at Devonport, where the Scott Memorial was raised six feet in order to effect a road improvement.

The memorial, which commemorates Capt. Scott's gallant dash to the South Pole in 1912, was hoisted in a single operation by means of six jacks, each with a 70 tons lift, which worked on six crossbeams of highly reinforced concrete built into the base.

Raising the 300 tons memorial "on stilts" occupied eight hours, and it is believed to be the first feat of its kind in this country.

DIANA DODGES IT.

JOIN E.N.S.A. if you want excitement! Nineteen-year-old dancer, Diana Sher-

gold, whose home is in York-avenue, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, and who was one of the leading lights of East Cowes Concert Party before the war, will testify to that.

Now touring the Middle East with an E.N.S.A. party, she has written home to say that on the voyage to North Africa their ship was torpedoed. The party were saved but lost all their costumes and luggage.

On their way to Egypt their ship was dive-bombed, but again they escaped.

Somewhere in Syria they were in a train smash, but once more they were lucky.

After detailing this list of narrow escapes, Diana adds: "The number of marriage proposals we have had out here is surprising!"

WHY PUB WENT DRY.

A SOUTHAMPTON publican wrote to his brewers—Strong and Co. Ltd., of Romsey, Hants—some time ago ordering a supply of beer.

Nothing happened. When he took up the matter with the brewers by 'phone, he was told that his letter must have miscarried.

It had! When it was eventually delivered to the brewers some weeks later it was discovered that, owing to the illegibility of the address, the order had reached Romsey—six miles from Southampton—by way of Bombay!

LISKEARD LIVERS.

The average age of persons who died in the Liskeard (Cornwall) rural district during the month of March, was 80 years!

To-day's Brains Trust

WANGLING WORDS—290



"It must be the mother in me."
"I hope not, for your sake!"

THE Brains Trust to-day is to answer the question:—

Is it true that there is a vast underground lake of water under London? If not, what is the explanation of the frequent references in the papers to London's subterranean reservoirs?

The discussion group consists of a Geologist, an Architect, a City Alderman, and a Traveller—and away they go:—

Geologist: "As the question is put, the answer is 'No.' There is certainly a vast store of water under London, but to describe it as a lake is to give quite a false impression. The water occurs in the cracks and fissures in the chalk underlying the London clay."

Traveller: "It's not for me to disagree with the Geologist, but I must say that I've actually seen the water come gushing up one of the artesian wells, and it's certainly difficult to

imagine it coming from anything short of a vast lake.

"It came out at thousands of gallons a minute, and I was told that the supply is maintained indefinitely."

"I understand that some of these wells have been operating for years, and it seems to

many of the original wells have long since dried up."

Architect: "Yes, that is true. The fountains at Trafalgar Square were originally artesian wells and played under their own pressure, but they have long since been replaced by ordinary fountains."

"To tap the natural water under London, we are having to bore deeper and deeper every year. The deepest well is probably that at Willesden, which goes down about 1,500 feet. Richmond has one 1,446 feet, and at Chiswick and Kentish Town there are wells 1,300 feet deep."

Geologist: "The yield of these wells varies considerably, but if they all penetrated to the same vast reservoir, not only would their yields be similar, but they would all have to be of the same depth."

"But there could not be a lake under London—it would offer no support for the 500-foot thick bed of London clay of which the London Basin consists. This bed of London clay is waterproof, and it rests on another 500 feet of chalk."

"The chalk is full of cracks and fissures, and any well sunk through it would be bound to tap many hundreds of them. Most of them are probably small, but some may be a foot or two wide. All of them contain water under high pressure, and that water comes from the hills to the north and south of London, where the chalk crops out at the surface."

"Possibly most of the rain which falls on the Chiltern Hills and the North Downs sinks down through the cracks and swallow-holes which riddle the chalk, and gravitates to the bottom of the chalk basin under the London clay."

"There it remains, in the cracks and fissures, with an upward pressure of some two tons per square foot, until some enterprising engineer pokes a hole through the water-tight covering of London clay. The deeper wells go right through the chalk into sandstones and older rocks which also contain water under pressure."

Alderman: "Owing to the number of wells sunk into the chalk the water-pressure there has fallen considerably in the last ten years or so, and it was recently proposed to sink swallow-holes into the bed of the Thames, so that in time of flood the surplus river-water would find its way down into the chalk and help to replenish supplies. An experimental hole actually swallowed up about 750,000 gallons of Thames water daily."

Architect: "It would require a lot of such holes to replace the water being tapped, for some of the wells with which

1. Put a parrot in AON and it's the devil.

2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme, both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it?—How a devil saw ni hose moawn na dol ether.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BONE into MEAT, and then back again into BONE, without using the same word twice.

4. The longest word in the Oxford Concise Dictionary is "floccinaucinihilipilification," meaning "estimating as worthless." What is the longest common word you can think of? (We give one of 19 letters in the answer, but perhaps you can beat it.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 289

1. Plover.
2. The love of money is the root of all evil.
3. CASH, case, care, hare, hate, date, dote, NOTE, rote, rose, rase, rash, CASH.
4. P—in—a—fore.

I have had to do are being made to yield anything from 5,000 to 100,000 gallons per hour.

"An interesting proof that the water is contained in fissures, and not in a lake, is afforded by the work done some years ago at the Savoy Hotel. When the yield from their well dropped from 16,000 to 8,000 gallons per hour, they had it deepened, and then ran a gallery 100 feet long and six feet high sideways from the bottom of it, till they had cut through sufficient extra fissures to make good their original supply."

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep
in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

She, while Apostles shrank,
could dangers brave,
Last at His cross and earliest
at His grave.

Eaton S. Barrett,
"Woman."

God's first Creature, which
was Light.

Francis Bacon.

The cause of Freedom is
the cause of God!
Edmund Burke.

QUIZ for today

1. Sugar-beet is most like beetroot, turnip, parsnip, swede, mangold, carrot?
2. Who wrote (a) The White Peacock, (b) The Brown Owl?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Mandolin, Gittern, Rebeck, Bittern, Banjo, Harp, Piano?
4. Who is the present Master of the King's Musick?
5. How many Books are there in the Old Testament?
6. How far should a darts player stand from the board?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Wallaby, Wallrus, Wapentake, Wapitti, Weasand?
8. Who was known as Soapy Sam?
9. Who is the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries?
10. On what day of the week does next Christmas fall?
11. What two Kings of England were killed by arrows?
12. Name three Bible characters whose names begin with Z.

Answers to Quiz in No. 341

1. Dish of toasted cheese.
2. (a) A. A. Milne, (b) W. H. Hudson.
3. Tupelo is a tree; others are animals.
4. Twelve.
5. H. M. Stanley.
6. A common grass.
7. Turbary, Turbulent, Tussle.
8. None.
9. Mongoose.
10. Mary Jane.
11. Duke of Clarence, 1478.
12. Genoa, Madeira.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10		11		12	
13				14			
	15			16		17	
18				19	20		
		21	22				
23	24	25		26		27	28
29		30				31	
32				33	34		35
	36					37	
38					39		

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Form of indisposition.
 - 2 Piece of music.
 - 3 Warble.
 - 4 Saad plant.
 - 5 Fabric.
 - 6 Obvious.
 - 7 Claw.
 - 8 Transfers.
 - 9 Tarnish.
 - 10 Lowered.
 - 11 Requested.
 - 12 Oil from resin.
 - 13 Exclusive set.
 - 14 Concord.
 - 15 Language.
 - 16 Confused struggle.
 - 17 In other words.
 - 18 Renown.
 - 19 Identical.
 - 20 Terminus.
 - 21 Excellent.

GASP MORSEL
ALOOF NAOMI
MILE BECAUSE
BEETLE OPEN
INN ALSO T
T TANGENT M
F SKIN EMU
WISP ADONIS
ACTION PUNT
THIRD FARCE
TUREEN LEER

BEELZEBUB JONES

THE NEXT DAY.



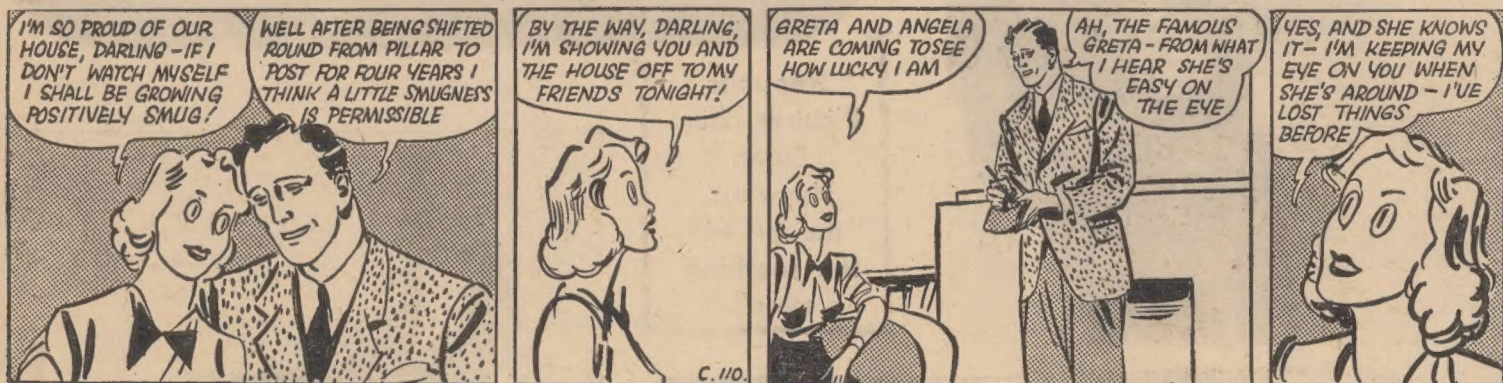
BELINDA



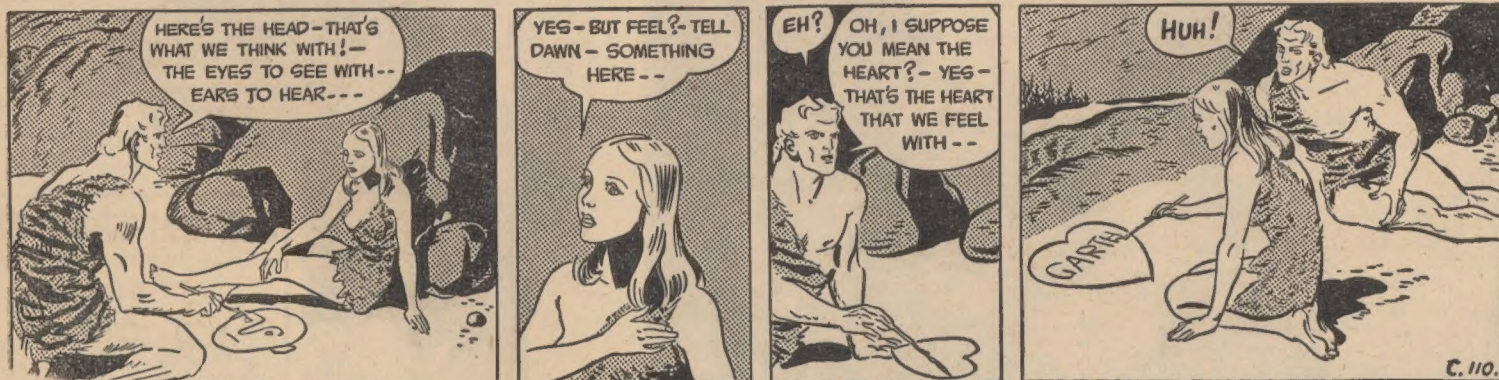
POPEYE



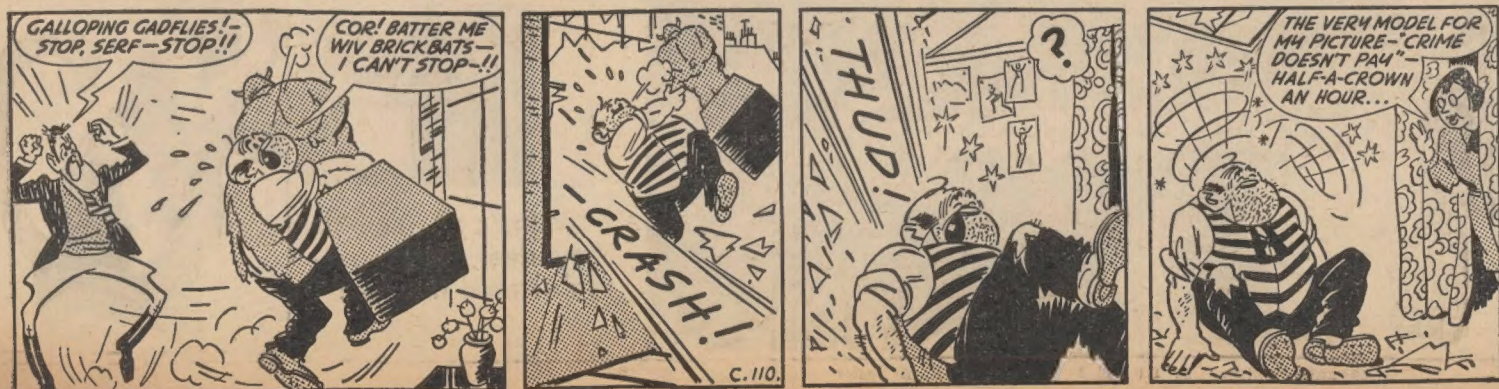
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

I HAVE just received a note from Professor Thomas Carlyle to say that Aunt Fanny has gone back to her lonely home in Higher Skye. I gather that the American authorities had been concerned for some time past over her "welfare" activities.

They were, of course, unofficial, but that fact alone was not sufficient to warrant non-interference.

When, however, apparently under the prompting of some of the more irresponsible of our Allies, she started a gambling saloon, with attendants dressed by theatrical costumiers in alleged Wild West style, and when in addition she sold hard liquor at fantastic prices at all hours of the day and night, and when the saloon was shot-up on several occasions, the officer in command of the troops made urgent representations to the British authorities.

Professor Carlyle tells me that Aunt Fanny acted in good faith. She was under the impression that she was providing a "home" atmosphere. Indeed, she was making enquiries about importing dancing girls and a few Red Indians to complete the picture.

The position at the moment is that the old bag owes three months' board, keep and tuition to the Professor, although, as he says, the latter has been chiefly in the hands of others.

She has sold out most of her Dunoon Three per Cents, and I understand that "Good Morning" is taking steps to look into her contract.

Since commencing the above I have received the following wire from my disgusting old relative: "Forward express post any offers from responsible Service men marriage. Will now consider sergeant-majors or chief petty officers. Priority."

THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

THE "New British" Party is fighting the Government education proposals tooth and nail; it characterises them as "fiddling."

Outlining the party's own scheme, the Secretary, Bud Jerrigar, told me that what was wanted was a complete reconstruction of the system of education, and not a patching-up.

"Let me explain," he went on. "Man has been just drifting along for the half-million-odd years he has been on the earth. I agree that, in recent years, attempts have been made at kind of planning, but only spasmodically. The trouble is that people do not know how to plan. First of all, then, we have got to teach them how to set about planning."

"Education, as we envisage it, should be split into two parts—children will be taught to become either planners or non-planners. All the former will enter the Government service, so that for every non-planner there will be a planner to look after him."

"Everything can be planned; everything must be planned. Only in that way shall we avoid the chaos and confusion that is everywhere prevalent to-day."

The first thing to do, said Bud, was to appoint a planning commission, which would prepare plans for the new educational system which would, eventually, provide planners. Some people might object that it would take a long time to effect this reorganisation, but as they had got nowhere in 500,000 years, a few extra years would not matter.

If they were going to work for posterity, they must take a really long view. Besides, he added, it would mean a lot of good jobs for a lot of people for a long time; and that in itself would help solve the problem of unemployment.

The closing words of the "New British" manifesto are worth quoting. "It is in the striving and not in the attainment that lies the chief merit. The end justifies the means. We remember that Cromwell said that nobody travels so far as the man who does not know where he is going. The 'New British' Party takes its stand there. It is going to get going and to keep going. Its destination is, in a manner of speaking, neither here nor there."

In drawing up the manifesto, opinion from left, right and middle has been consulted. Among those whose views have been helpful may be mentioned Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, W. E. Gladstone, George Washington, Robert E. Lee, Pushkin, Pishkin and Toshkin.

Others include Steinie Morrisson, Peter the Painter, Brigham Young, Rasputin, Landru, and Charles Peace.

Alex Cracks

The skipper of a tramp steamer, writing the log recording an eventful day, rounded off his task with the entry, "Mate intoxicated." To the mate, who indignantly protested on reading it, the skipper retorted, "Well, it's true, ain't it?" The following day it was the mate's duty to write the log. He completed his account with "Skipper sober." The captain stared at it a moment, then exploded. "Well, it's true, ain't it?" was the mate's rejoinder.

He: "There are some who thirst after fame, others after wealth, others after love" (deep and continued sigh). She (brightly): "And there is something I always thirst after." "What is that?" "Salt fish."

Good
Morning



Boy, oh boy! I wish it were opening time!



"Sitting as a model for you kids is a dog's life—a puppy-dog's life, in fact"



★ Republic Pictures' star, Susan Hayward, "the girl with the soothing eyes" ★



The calm of Great Langdale Beck "where rocks and stream and trees are one in beauty"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"I'll pre-fabricate yer!"

"What's all this talk my dear about pre-fabricated houses?"